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DR. ACHILLI'S ESCAPE FROM ROME.

CONSERVATION OF THE CARDINALS.

Rome, January 30th.—At the hour of Ave Maria, which, at this time of the year, is half past five, P. M., it is customary to close the castle gates; and it was not until the subsequent prison rounds were gone that the absence of Dr. Achilli was discovered by Captain Genari, who forwarded his report in due time to the Comandante della Piazza, whence, after some delay, it proceeded to the Minister of War, and finally to the triumvirate of most eminent cardinals. Their consternation at the unwelcome intelligence was great. The Cardinal's Vicar was so affected on hearing the fatal news, that he burst into tears, and declared that the Divine wrath was so great, that nothing but mortifications and humiliations were to be expected. He then said mass with great contrition, and heard three more masses successively; after which he expressed his earnest hopes that the obstinate and refractory heretic, as Achilli must of course be considered by Catholics, would ere long be once more in the hands of justice.

We take the following extracts of a letter from Dr. Achilli to Sir Culling Eardley, dated Paris, Feb. 3, 1850, giving an account of his escape.

On the morning of Dec. 24th my jailer came to me to say that an order had come from the French general, to allow me to have free communication with a certain Dr. Bambozzi and another person with him, whenever they might come to see me. The jailer, not knowing as I did who the parties were who had such ample permission, denied in every other case, to converse with me, endeavored to persuade me that they were really two of my friends, who had, by great exertion, succeeded in obtaining, what had been granted to no one else. But I was not deceived. The more so, when I knew the next day that the adjutant of the fort, a devoted friend of the priests, had asked and obtained from the Cardinals a confirmation of the order. Eight days elapsed, and Dr. Bambozzi, announced with so great interest, had not yet appeared. This made my fellow prisoners and myself constantly laugh at the name of my visitor and at his expected visit. Dec. 31st, I was asked for by two persons, who announced themselves as visitors. The door opened, and in came a priest, in fact a Monsignore, whom I recognized from his purple tippet, and another person, both strangers to me. They received me with great gravity, and, after having looked at me from head to foot, made me a signal to sit down. I then discovered that they were two judges, and knew the quarter that they came from. (I afterwards ascertained that the priest was Monsignore Bambozzi, the Fiscal of the Inquisition, and the other the Advocate De Domini, Chancellor of the Inquisition.) After we were seated all three round a table, the priest made a sign to the other to write, and began to dictate to him in Latin. "A certain man (*homo quidam*) appeared before me, who declares his name to be Giacinto Achilli, son of —, born at —, aged about —, dressed, (here follows the description of my dress from head to foot,) committed to this prison, &c. who, being interrogated whether he knew why he was imprisoned, replied, 'I have been here for six months, and I do not yet know why I was arrested.' Interrogated if he knew by what tribunal he was now arraigned and examined, he replied, 'I wish to be informed.' And being told that he was arraigned and examined by the magistrates of the Holy Inquisition, he replied, 'I am very glad of it.' Admonished to tell the truth, and to recognize in this fact the justice of God, and the vengeance of man, he replied to the first part, 'I promise to tell the truth' on the second he was silent.

At this point he produced a quire of paper covered with writing, and began to read the first page, from which I perceived that it was the minute taken down the second day of my imprisonment, by a judge of the Cardinal Vicar, consisting of a general interrogatory on the whole of my life—that is to say, my education, my studies, my public functions, my occupations, my journeys, and especially that to the Ionian Islands, Malta, England, &c., till my return to Rome; what I had done during the Roman Republic; and finishing with my imprisonment. All this, confronted anew with numerous questions, formed the subject of my first interview with the Monsignore Bambozzi and his companion. In a moment the whole Castle of St. Angelo was full of the news that the Judges of the Inquisition, with special permission of the French authorities, had come to take possession of me. You can imagine the indignation felt, and the severe expressions employed against the priests and the French. I alone smiled amidst the universal excitement. Four days afterward the two magistrates of the Inquisition were again announced. Thereupon a new and very long interrogatory (still in Latin) ensued.

Dr. Theiner, a Priest of the Oratory, subsequently visited Dr. Achilli, and gave him books to read, with the view of bringing him back to the Roman Church. I was in the middle of the third visit of the Padre Theiner, in the full fervor of our controversies, when the captain of the castle came to inform me that two *Chasseurs de Vincennes* were arrived, to take me to the French Council of War, to give evidence in the case of Signor Cernuschi, deputy of the people under the Republic. I was not more surprised than my theologian, who was even more unable than myself to comprehend how I, separated from the rest of the world by virtue of the laws of the Inquisition, could be summoned before a military tribunal by a foreign authority. The captain added that there was the permission of the Cardinal Vicar. "Let us go, in the name of the Lord," was my thought. The Padre Theiner accompanied me to the carriage, in which two soldiers, armed with carbines, sat by my side. The tribunal is held at the Ecclesiastical Academy, in the Piazza di Minerva. The *Capitaine Rapporteur* was alone. He put a few questions to me about the person of Cernuschi, and said some other things to me. * * * He then remanded me to the castle.

On the 19th of Jan. my theologian visited me again, and plied me with vehement arguments, and which I answered with arguments still more vehement. Our subject was the bishopric of St. Peter at Rome, and the privilege of succession bequeathed to the Popes; Dr. Theiner, all intent on demonstrating, and I on confuting it. In the midst of the discussion, which had now lasted some time (it being nearly dark,) my jailer came to tell me that the two *chasseurs* were come back again to take me to the Military Commission. "Farewell! Padre Theiner. Offer my respects to the Cardinal Vicar, and thank him in my name for your visits, which have given me great pleasure; I hope that both of us may derive profit from them, to confirm us more and more in the word of God!" Having said this, I pressed his hand, and got into

the carriage between the two soldiers. This time the carriage was an open one, and, traversing the long street from the Castle to the Minerva, I saw and was seen by many persons. A novel sight indeed! A prisoner of the Inquisition held in custody by the arms of the French Republic! The *Capitaine Rapporteur* was very obliging, and I am sure felt personal sympathy with me. I will not repeat the conversations which I had with him. . . . I will only say that I was greatly cheered, and I could not help feeling as if I were free and my own master. I determined to try if it were so. . . . In an antechamber were several sets of military accoutrements. In a moment I had dressed myself *cap-a-pie* as a French soldier. The doors on the landing were open, and the ingress not guarded by a single individual. It was half-past five in the evening. I did what any one else would have done, and I did it with a smile. I descended into the Piazza di Minerva, passed through the *Strada Pie di Marino*, the *Piazza del Collegio Romano*, and walked through the Corso, disguised as I was. I changed my dress at —, where money was prepared for me. A carriage with post-horses was speedily ready, and a passport. At seven P. M. I passed the walls of Rome, blessing the Lord, and committing to him my country, my brethren, and that infant church which will one day be an example to all the churches, so that it may again be said of the Romans, "that their faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." In six hours I arrived at Civita Vecchia, rested till daylight, presented several letters, and embarked on board a steamer of war. The whole of that day (20th) I passed in the port engaged in thanking my God, and in praying to him to provide for me in all respects. I wrote a farewell letter to the brethren in Rome, which I got a postman to post. The next day we sailed for Toulon, and from thence I went to Marseilles, where I was unable to remain. I stopped, however, a day at Lyons, to embrace my excellent friend M. Fieschi, and the other brethren, who felt as if they could not bless and thank the Lord enough for my unexpected liberation. O, what enjoyments has the Christian life even on this earth! In my case, what I have suffered is now sweet and delightful to me. It is to my body like a dream, but a reality to my spirit. What a true interest we have in serving the Lord! I need not tell you the exultation of our beloved brethren in Paris. Already we have held many prayer-meetings to thank my first Deliverer. But I hope never to forget the gratitude which, under God, I owe to the dear brethren of the Evangelical Alliance, who have, indeed, set an example the most edifying of Christian charity. The Lord bless you all, my beloved friends, and recompense you through his grace in the great day of account! I had no claim whatever upon you. It was the charity of religion, the love of the brethren, which led you to exert yourselves in my behalf. Of such kindness, faith has the motive principle, that faith which justifies us before God, unto whom alone be glory, and honor, and blessing, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I am, my dear Sir Culling, yours affectionately,

GIACINTO ACHILLI.

For the Herald and Journal.

AN ESSAY

ON THE NATURE, CAUSES, AND CURE OF THE SIN OF SLANDER.

Concluded.

We have sought for causes of this crying sin perhaps far enough; though many others doubtless exist. The fruits of it are abundant—by it the most useful have lost their influence, the innocent have fallen, and by its means the most holy have been classed and associated with the most degraded and wicked.

No class has been free from its ravages; it has stolen the rose from the cheek of female innocence, and has spread a pall of darkness over the spirit and prospects of the most virtuous. It has stopped the mouth of the refined and illustrious statesman, forged chains, and built dungeons for the sacrificing philanthropist; and from the broad and eternal pedestal of truth, it has hurled the "legions of the skies" downward to a shameful oblivion.

These are its legitimate results; and while so appalling in their nature, they should lead every lover of good order, and every Christian especially to inquire, how can this poisonous miasm be arrested?

And this inquiry conducts me to the last branch of my subject, and is one of vital interest. Cure this sin of slander and you take away one of Satan's greatest weapons, and do much toward filling the earth with peace and righteousness. To accomplish this great work one thing must certainly be done, people must talk less.

One has remarked that we are created with "two ears and one tongue; that we might hear much and say little." Another of greater authority, has said, "he swift to hear, slow to speak." It would be well to lay down one principle—never to speak ill of a third person, unless the circumstances required some exposure. And when it becomes necessary to mention anything in the character or history of another not so charitable, it should be done with the utmost caution. Never exaggerate such a matter; let words be carefully selected, and those which will not express too much. Slander in art, originates in ignorance of language. The exact phraseology is not always quoted, and words which are supposed to be nearly synonymous, often convey a very different meaning from what was intended. Great care should be used against ambiguity; let all statements be clearly understood, so that there can be no chance for misconstruction.

Self examination, no doubt, would operate very much as a restraint and an antidote against this sin. It tends to make us acquainted with ourselves, our own foibles and imperfections; and he who scrutinizes his own conduct the most closely, will find so much in himself that requires attention, that he will find but little time or taste to scan the conduct of others.

We may not expect in this present depraved state, to completely eradicate this evil from the world; and if we would make any advances towards it, the Christian church must take the lead in the matter, as it must in the suppression of all species of sin. We have reason to fear that this sin against God and our neighbor is indulged in by far too many who profess better things.

Let every member of the church of Christ see to it that this sin does not lie at his door, and use his influence, of example and precept, for its suppression from the community. Let every minister preach on the subject; and sure he can never want a suitable text. The apostle Paul will furnish one: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth," is his

injunction, and one to which "we do well that we take heed."

The enormity of this sin is hardly ever considered. Where it rages character is never safe, and the dearest treasure is in jeopardy. The poet says:—

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which nothing enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

But few uninspired sayings convey more truth than the above quotation. It needs no comment; it needs only to be read and pondered, to be understood.

To cure an evil of such magnitude, should be the aim of all who are appointed of God to apply the truth to men's hearts and consciences, and especially that trial of truth which is the most practical. They must not only preach, but practice; for if common slander will break up friendship, and alienate members of society, ministerial slander will "eat as doth a canker."

In this important particular let us be pattern to our flock. When we come in contact with one given to this sin, let us administer a timely rebuke. Instead of approving by a smile, and drinking in a full draught of billingsgate with apparent good relish, let us rebuke by solemn silence. If this is insufficient as a remedy, let us preach a short sermon on the "ninth commandment," or on this: "Speak not evil of one another."

Let not only the minister, but all others who meet the slanderer, do their duty faithfully, and there is no question but what this evil will diminish rapidly, where such means are used. Let us always be shy of rumors. Let us be slow to credit, and still slower to peddle them; for when once entered into the depot of "itching ears," they soon take passage on the devil's aerial railway, and by the aid of that engine "set on fire of hell," they are propelled lightning-like around the world. Circulating rumor "is as when one letteth out water;" or is like scattering chaff on the wings of the wind; there can be no limit set to its influence. To conclude this subject, let me recommend the careful observance of the "golden rule."

METHODISM IN IPSWICH.

The first Methodist sermon ever preached in this town was delivered on the rock immediately in front of the "Agawam House," in the year 1775, by the Rev. Geo. Whitefield. Although he differed somewhat from the doctrines inculcated by the Wesleys, yet in many essential particulars he advocated the vital principles of Methodism. The reason of his preaching in the open air, and in this unique spot, was not in consequence of his peculiar religious tenets, but for the want of sufficient room in the old church. It will be recollected, such was the power and efficiency with which this man of God set forth the truths of revelation, that thousands even congregated to catch the inspiration that fell from his lips in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." No other Methodist ever preached here subsequent to this, until the year 1821, when the Rev. Aaron Wait, then a journey with a sick child to the notable Doctor Spofford, of then Rowley, now Georgetown, stopped at Ipswich one Saturday afternoon, and was solicited to stay over the Sabbath, and preach, which he did in Coburn's Block, then known as the Old Woollen Factory. Mr. Wait being a local preacher, and the Baptists being destitute of a pastor, he was invited to supply the desk, which he continued to do, at irregular periods, until the spring of 1822. He was impetioned by the warm friends, at that time, to locate himself at Ipswich. Yielding to the entreaties of his advisers, he consented to become their pastor; but like Paul, coveting no man's silver, he acted in the double capacity of shoe-maker and preacher. He gathered together the scattered, chosen few, and united them in one class, and they held their first meeting in this capacity, in the house on High street, now owned and occupied by Mr. Daniel Caldwell. But their number increased so rapidly, it was soon found necessary to divide the class; accordingly one-half met at the house of Capt. Dan'l Smith, on the same street. They experienced however similar opposition from the other societies, that has marked their incipient labors in other places, but it served only to fan their zeal, and render more inflammable the holy ardor with which these disciples of the Lord abounded.

Nothing daunted by opposing influences, they held up the bloody banner of the Cross, and like their incarnate God, bid a world take shelter beneath its ample folds. At this time every boy's tongue seemed to be a vehicle for opprobrious epithets against this infant flock. Their religious gatherings were not unfrequently disturbed by the irreligious anti-Methodists; but amid all the Lord prospered them. Such was the extent, however, of these annoyances, that it was found necessary to take shelter beneath the protection of the civil law; and by bringing these interlopers to trial, and punishing them, it quelled in some degree the open stand which was taken against these religious assemblages. In just thirty months from the time Mr. Wait located in Ipswich, their present place of worship was erected, viz. September, 1824. In within twenty-eight years, under the labors of itinerants, they have grown up so as to stand side by side with the sister churches of the place.—Ipswich Clarion.

QUIETISM.

From time to time there comes up in the church a type of piety known as Quietism;—the main feature of which is, that religion consists in the internal rest or recollection of the mind, employed in contemplating God and submitting to his will. This form of piety was very early developed in the church, and was cultivated by a class known as ascetics. Many among the pagans led lives consecrated to meditation; sometimes withdrawing entirely from the world and living as recluses in the woods and in the caves of the mountains, practising the most rigid self-denial in their strivings after virtue. When such were led, as sometimes happened, to embrace Christianity, as the historian informs us, they "still adhered to their former habits of life;" while others in whom Christianity first "awakened disgust at the worldly pursuits which had previously swallowed up the life, and kindled the holy flame of love for things divine, and aspirations after eternal life," were led to adopt the same mode of life as a means of high purification. Thus grew up the system of monkeny and of celibacy. The idea prevailed that a life of abstinence and contemplation, of forced seclusion from the world, would prepare the soul for a more exalted state of future blessedness. Others, in more modern times, while they have had no sympathy with monkeny, have yet held in undue estimation a quiet and contemplative life as the best mode of cultivating

the religion of the heart. This style of piety is somewhat developed in the life and writings of Madame Guyon, and in the writings and discourses of her admirers and imitators. These truly good persons believe that piety is best nourished in the soul by a life of comparative seclusion and of constant meditation; by keeping the mind in a state of quiet rest, in which it may dwell altogether upon the divine perfections, and lie sweetly submissive in the hands of God. And certainly they do thus produce in themselves a lovely style of character. But they seem to forget the great idea, so forcibly expressed by Neander, that "Christianity was designed to be the world-subjecting principle. It was to take up into itself and appropriate to its own ends all that belongs to man." None of us is to live to himself—even in the way of a secluded contemplation of divine things; but we are to bring forth the fruits of heavenly contemplation in lives of more earnest and active piety.

The secluded life of ascetics and ecclesiastics used to be extolled above the common life of Christians, till they were occupied in the common business of life forgot the greatness of their Christian calling, and thought they were entitled to lower very much the requisitions as to their own daily living.

But if the church is too worldly, the proper remedy for this is not to hold up Quietism—a state of retirement and contemplation, of interrupted personal communion with Christ—as the aim of Christians, but it is to infuse more of the spirit of Christ into the daily life, even into all its avocations.

While the Saviour invites us to communion with himself—and we must have that communion, and much of it, if we are to live as Christians at all—he does not exempt any one of his followers from his active service in the world. The pleasure of meditation and devotional reading must not lure us from the rugged walks of life, and its rough, stern conflicts. We have a work to do in proclaiming the grace of God to others.

The active service of Christ is necessary to the full development of Christian character. Some graces can be best cultivated in the closet; yet these have their counterparts to be developed in the outward life. Humility is best cherished in the closet, when we compare ourselves with God; but meekness and forbearance among men, where these virtues are called into exercise. Love to God is cherished by dwelling upon his character in private meditation; but love to man must grow by actual contact with the wants and woes of other. It was thus that the French misanthrope, on his way to the Seine, in which he had resolved to drown himself, by giving his now useless purse to a beggar, discovered how he might be happy in the world which was about to leave, and returned a wiser and a better man.

The Christian should never exhibit a one-sided character.

This active service of Christ is necessary to the promotion of his kingdom among men. That kingdom cannot be furthered by mere passive influences; there must be an aggressive movement. "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me," and one of the prime commandments of Christ is that his disciples shall actively proclaim the Gospel. If all Christians should shut themselves up from the world to lead lives of meditation, Christianity would make no more progress with the masses than did the philosophical systems of the ancients. What is needed for the renovation of the world is the holiness of the church in intense action.

It is the happiness of the Christian not to be denied the consciousness of Christ's presence while abroad in the world laboring for him. That presence he may enjoy more fully in seasons of private devotion; but these, indispensable as they are to Christian life, are not the whole of that life, and they should not lure him from his stern duties, but should give new strength and fervor for those duties. In the closet and at the table of Christ, the Christian should gain strength for future action; and he should go from the feast of holy meditation to tell others of the Saviour's love, and to plead with perishing sinners to come to Christ. One from whom Jesus cast out a devil, prayed Jesus that he might be with him. "Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but said to him, Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."—Independent.

THE JEWS OF EGYPT.

In personal appearance the Jews of Egypt are not prepossessing. Their features, it is true, are often finely formed; but they are a down-looking, gloomy tribe, as might be expected from a race that has so long experienced the oppression of a despotic power. Many of them are fairer than the rest of the population, which may be accounted for by their Syrian origin. It has been remarked that they are frequently bloated in appearance, and are liable to sore eyes; and some attributed the circumstance to the immoderate use of sesame oil. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is that this peculiarity in their countenances gives their persons a very unpleasant odor, so that you may know a Jew in the dark. I ought to add, that almost all the Eastern Jews I have seen are very different in the type of their features from those of Europe; and that I do not remember to have noticed the real Hebrew nose more than once, namely, on the face of a young money-changer in Alexandria, whose father rejoiced in a regular pug. The women, on the other hand, in as far as I have been able to ascertain, preserve a very characteristic cast of countenance. They are often handsome and well made. Their mode of life and character resembles that of the Levantines, between whom and them, however, there exists an insuperable antipathy.

It is the custom for the Jews in Egypt to celebrate very strictly the Feast of the Tabernacle. During eight days they forsake their homes, and sleep in little cabins made of palm-leaves, on the terraces of their houses. Those who have no convenient place for so doing are invited by their friends, so that on this occasion the roofs of the Jewish quarters are covered with a regular encampment. The streets previously are absolutely filled with camels laden with palm-branches, which fetch a handsome price, for there is an eager demand for them. The Levantines used to tell me that on the first day of this festival the Jews go to their priest, and ask if it will be a good year. He oracularly and gutturally answers, "Ch—?" If the year be good, he says, "Did I not tell you ch—?" meaning [chir] good. But if it be a bad year, he says, "Did I not tell you ch—?" meaning [charr] bad.

Of late years, the treatment of the Jews in Egypt has been gradually becoming better and better. It was not, however, until during the

early part of my stay in the country, in the year 1846, that toleration was extended to them sufficiently to allow of their burying their dead by day. It was only by moonlight that they could bury the remains of their departed friends stealthily to the grave. No law, it is true, forced them to this, but only the bigotry of the population. On the few occasions when they ventured to face the daylight, Moslems, Greeks, and Levantines used to pelt the bier and its bearers with stones and rubbish, and often to proceed to the most abominable excesses. No one ever felt ashamed of such acts; but, on the contrary, they were considered meritorious; for there is no object on earth which is regarded in the East as beneath a descendant of Abraham. This may be understood from the progression of their terms of abuse—"ass, bull, dog, pig, Jew."

Such was the state of public opinion when the death of Mercado el Ghazi, the grand rabbin, happened. This was thought by the Jewish community to be a good opportunity for taking advantage of the growing toleration of the Government. Mohammed Ali was absent from the country on his celebrated visit to Constantinople; and Ibrahim Pacha was at Cairo, and to him application was made for two guards. The Siracker had just returned from Europe, very little improved, it is true, but with some desire to merit the approbation of the civilized world. This was a capital opportunity, because it enabled him to carry out at the same time his favorite system of intimidating and overawing the people who were destined by fate, treaty, and the right of the strongest, to be his most dutiful subjects. So he replied,

"Two guards!—you ask only for two? I will send my own carriage, thirty cawasses, and a battalion of infantry; the shops on the whole line of procession shall be closed; and woe be to the man who lifts a stone that day!"

What was said was done: the people murmured, but remained tranquil; and a bright example of toleration was manifested. It is worth knowing that the greater part of the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of Egyptians to foreigners and individuals is entirely attributable to similar exertions of supreme power; but it is a gross mistake to suppose that, in as far as the Government is concerned, anything has been done to soften the rancor of Moslem prejudice. Tolerant is not to be instilled into a people by force; and I doubt whether the good that might have been done by increased intercourse with Europeans has not been more than counterbalanced by the envy and indignation excited by the marked favor with which they are treated, and the privileges and immunities they enjoy.—Chambers' Journal.

STARTING RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

A friend has written to the Rev. Dr. Cossit, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who was for many years an editor of a religious paper, asking his advice about starting a new paper. He gives it as follows, which we doubt not will be fully endorsed by all who have had experience in the matter:—

"The people of a particular town or city become enlisted in favor of the establishment of a religious paper in their midst. A printer is found willing to embark in the enterprise on exceedingly moderate terms; public spirited citizens and members of the church are ready to make liberal contributions; and an editor, sanguine of ultimate success, thinks, if he can sustain himself and his enterprise a year or two, his paper will be permanent, and afford him an easy berth for the balance of his life. Calculations have been so accurately made, that it would seem impossible that they should prove fallacious; success seems certain. Everything goes on prosperously for a while. True, unforeseen mishaps as they occur, one after another, serve to discourage a little; but collections will be coming in, and occasional donors must hasten them. But alas for dreams! No body minds them much; and if any mind them at all, the reply is, stop my paper. The printer begins to learn that his exceedingly moderate terms, and those poorly complied with, have already exhausted his credit and his meal-tub; the liberal members of the church soon find out that their contributions must be annually increased and indefinitely continued, or a failure more disastrous than ever anticipated must be the consequence. The editor, to his great grief and mortification, now discovers that his sanguine temperament, or what he calls misplaced confidence in his subscribers, has deceived, embarrassed, and involved himself and his friends. He hazards his all and embarks it all, together with as much as he can get from the few friends who have not deserted him in his hour of need. Each subscriber thinks the sum owed by him can make but little difference with the proprietor of the paper. But for the want of these very small sums, the crash comes, the paper stops, and its proprietor is bankrupt. Out of a small circle, this is about as much as is publicly known; but within this circle there are heartburnings, alienation of feelings, accusations, recriminations, and untold sufferings. This, with very slight variations, is substantially the history of a number of religious papers, of other churches, as well as of some of our own; all of which once were, but now are no more."

PROGRESS OF ROMANISM.

It is well to keep "posted up" in regard to the progress of Romanism in our country, so that the bugbears about its alarming increase, shall not needlessly terrify people. The Romanist Church had a foothold in the colonies, even before the first Protestant settlements, and their relative numbers now allow of comparing progress. The Papal Almanac, for 1850 claims 1,233,350 adherents in the United States. Allowing them a million and a half, which is more than they claim, it leaves a balance of full 18,000,000 on the Protestant side of the ledger. There are ten weekly Romish papers in the United States, two Annuals, and Brownson's Review. A comparison of the periodical literature of the Romanists, either past, present, or future, will excite a smile. The Peter-Pence collection in the United States exceeded \$25,970; it had its iniquitous influence in restoring a spiritual and temporal despot to his throne, and crushing the noble Roman Republic to the earth.

The Christian Union has been examining the Roman Catholic Almanac, for 1850, and it presents the following statement, compiled from a "Summary of Catholicity in the United States." The editor says:—

"In this table there appears 80 dioceses, 1073 churches, 1081 priests, and a total of population in 20 of these dioceses, amounting approximately to 1,233,350. By a very generous assumption for the remaining small dioceses, the entire number of Romanists in the Union, including California and New Mexico, is set

down at about one million and a half. Quite enough to be sure, but still half a million less than our Consul at Paris lately claimed. The gain over last year is not trifling, amounting to a quarter of a million, and compares with the immense influx of foreign Romanists who have arrived during the last twelve months.

"The method, or the mode of method, in arriving at the supposed population in each diocese, is remarked on by the editor of the Almanac as unsatisfactory and vague. That it is so, is sufficiently obvious by a single illustration. The diocese of Baltimore has 67 churches, and the estimate of population is 100,000; while in the diocese of New York, with exactly the same number of churches, the population is put down at 200,000, or just twice as large as the former. Now if any one will consider how large a proportion of the Romish churches in this diocese are insignificantly small—the merest beginnings—he will readily understand that 3000 population to each church on an average must be greatly too large. But it is in all keeping with the assumptions of Bishop Hughes."

ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSION.

Rev. Mr. Lyth, a missionary of this Society, gives the following account of the state of religion in Rotumah, a beautiful island two hundred miles North of Feegee group:—

"Our cause at the island of Rotumah has begun to rise. We have near two hundred and fifty professing Christians, including some of the first chiefs of the island; those who have not joined us are friendly. We have seven chapels—three buildings; our church members are but few, namely, thirteen. There are on the island seven chief places, with upwards of fifty towns; the whole island is in our possession, but they want a missionary. They have two papist priests who have been forced on them, but they will not hear them. They ask earnestly for a missionary to prepare them books in their own language, and to instruct them, &c. An English missionary is their only cry."

In Africa this Society is doing a good work. Abbe Kula, a town in Western Africa, about sixty miles from the coast, is the scene of some important operations. Of this place a missionary writes:—

"It derives a peculiar interest from its being the fatherland of a great number of the liberated Africans, who have returned thither from Sierra Leone. Its population has been variously estimated at from 30,000 to 100,000. The inhabitants generally are said not to manifest that carelessness respecting the Gospel which is shown by the natives on the coast. Mr. Martin, a Wesleyan missionary, writing from the place, says, that the emigrants from Sierra Leone, members of the Wesleyan society, welcomed them with joy. It was pleasing to hear from the chief frequent allusions to the astonishing kindness of the English, in rescuing their children from slavery, and sending them back without money or price. The return of these people had opened a great, and it was trusted, an effectual door for the Gospel in that country."

MEANING OF THE TERM SERVANT IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The following extract from Bishop Potter's great work, "The Antiquities of Greece," which was first published in the year 1697, may help to a more intelligent reading of many passages in the New Testament:—

"Slaves, as long as they were under the government of a master, were called *Oiketai*; but after their freedom was granted them, they were *Doulos*, not being, like the former, a part of the master's estate, but only obliged to some grateful acknowledgments, and small services. (Chrysippus de Concordia, lib. ii.) such as were required of the *Metaktoi*, to whom they were in some few things inferior; but when arrived at the dignity of citizens, especially if they had received their freedom from a private person, and not upon a public account; for such as were advanced for public services, seem to have lived in great reputation, and enjoyed a larger share of liberty than those that had only merited their freedom by the obligations they had laid upon particular persons."—Potter's Antiquities of Greece, vol. 1, p. 78, Edinburgh edition, 1813.

This testimony is the more valuable as it is the conviction to which the author has arrived after a calm and patient investigation of ancient authorities. He had no temptation when he wrote either to favor or retard the cause of emancipation. One hundred and fifty years ago the whole of England believed that it was right and proper to hold men in slavery. The venerable bishop is simply aiming at the true meaning of the Greek word *Doulos*—and in the above extract he has given his decision.

Oiketai is only used four times in the New Testament: Luke xvi. 13; Acts x. 7; Rom. xiv. 4; 1 Peter ii. 18.

Doulos is used in the New Testament one hundred and seventeen times.

Apply this word as Bishop Potter affirms it was used by the ancient Greeks, and it will elucidate Paul's Epistle to Philommon concerning Onesimus, v. 16: "Not now as a *doulos* (who at most was not a part of the master's estate but only obliged to some grateful acknowledgments and small services) but above a *doulos*, a brother beloved."—N. Y. Independent.

RELIGION IN GERMANY.

The last Christian Intelligencer, the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church in the city of New York, gives a picture of the religious condition of Germany, dreadful, even beyond what we had imagined. The churches there are in a state of division every where—no bond of union—and the religion of most, the merest form. In Prussia, a separation has taken place in the old Lutheran party on the part of those sound in doctrine, from those who are hostile to revealed religion and evangelical truth, who are striving hard for an ascendancy. Looseness in a rule of faith has opened the way to every species of error and infidelity in the universities, schools and pulpits of Germany.

Much has been done to arrest the progress of rationalism, by literary effort and religious societies, which have sprung up within the last twenty years; but still an overwhelming darkness prevails in all the Protestant churches, and a fearful apostasy from the truth; and a degree of unbelief is so widely diffused and boldly proclaimed, as to be without parallel! There is no species of infidelity, from the most subtle rationalism to the grossest atheism, which is not current in Germany, and which has not its regular organs of expression; and the ecclesiastical authorities, instead of attempting to check the evils, too often promote them! And this is the place to send our theological students to finish up their study of divinity! Was there ever anything more absurd?

Gerald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1850.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—Thomas E. Elder.

Providence, Chester St.—Thomas G. Carver.

Providence, Church St.—Horace C. Atwater.

Providence, Elm St.—Robert M. Hatfield.

Providence, Pleasant St.—John Robert.

Providence, Fourth St.—Moses Chase.

Providence, Kingston St.—Charles Noble.

Providence, Center St.—Samuel C. Brown.

Providence, Mission St.—James B. Weeks.

Providence, Middleboro and Rochester—to be supplied.

Providence, Warrenton—Horatio W. Houghton.

Providence, Tenth St.—Paul Townsend.

Providence, Whittier—to be supplied.

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NOTES OF PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

Spirit of the Conference—Fiscal Matters—Necessitous Cases—Wesleyan University—East Greenwich Academy—Bible Institute—Visitors—Sunday Schools—Minutes—Slavery—Entertainment of Preachers.

DEAR BROTHERS:—Our correspondent has furnished the principal items of interest which occurred at the Providence Conference. I add but a few notes.

The Conference was characterized by moderation. The preceding session was of great haste, and its business, though at the time apparently well discharged, was subsequently found to be much at fault. At the present session the determination was early expressed by members to have a good full week, that every important interest which came before them might be deliberately looked at. The Bishop seemed, "con amore," to concur in this disposition, and all things proceeded calmly and in a "business like" manner.

This sort of moderation is especially desirable in respect to fiscal questions. The Providence Conference never gave a more thorough scrutiny to its financial schemes than at the late session. A very efficient committee had charge of its business respecting the support of supernumerary preachers, &c. and the results of its labors will, we think, be quite manifest in the future conduct of this part of the Conference finances.

The educational interests of the body underwent a thorough revision, not only in committee, but in the Conference, and are placed in very good train. The Conference had assumed the responsibility of raising \$10,000 towards the endowment of the Wesleyan University. It has fully met this pledge, and has in fact some \$22 more than the amount, the whole secured on bond and mortgage or good notes; more than seven tenths of it by bond and mortgage. The full interest of the pledge has been paid to the university during some three or four years. This important fund has been very prudently managed; it is under the care of the Conference Trustees, some of whom, as Gov. Harris, Preston Bennett, and Joseph Smith, Esq., are experienced business men. The Rev. D. Fillmore has been the Conference Agent for the university—he is continued in that office. It is not required of him to travel, but while attending to his regular work, to look after this great interest and do for it what he can casually find practicable. He increases the sum year by year, and thus provides for the relief of brethren of the Conference who may find it difficult to raise their notes. The Conference gave him a well deserved vote of thanks. He is precisely the man for this post. The affairs of the Conference Academy, at East Greenwich, were put in such train that the interest of its debt can be effectually met, and it is said, the principal cancelled in five years, by the preachers using proper endeavors to keep in the institution an average of one hundred students. This is certainly practicable. The preachers have most deliberately pledged the condition. The locality and Faculty of this institution are not surpassed in New England. The present board of instructors seem determined to crown themselves with the honor of fully retrieving the fortunes of the school. God speed them.

The Bible Institute has received flattering testimonials of interest from the Conference during the past year. The aid sent it from the churches amounts, we suppose, to more than the interest of the pledge of the Conference towards its endowment, but a considerable portion of this aid was designated by the churches to the furnishing of rooms to bear their names. Newport, for instance, sent \$40 for this purpose, and other societies have done equally well. These appropriations, however, could not be substituted in place of the interest of the endowment upon which the subsistence of the Faculty depends. It was found, therefore, that the Conference came short about \$135 of its annual quota. When this was known the deficit was made up on the spot in less than ten minutes, on motion of Rev. David Patten, who pleads eloquently for it. The generous enthusiasm with which this sort of aid was made was a gratifying indication of the value that the Conference attaches to our Bible Institute. We think it can be confidently predicted that no deficit will hereafter be left unpaid in the account of the Conference with the Institute.

The Missionary Statistics of the Conference will appear to better advantage than ever before in its history, and as for its Sunday School Statistics, our Sunday School Secretary at New York has long ago announced it the banner Conference of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church.

These are certainly very grateful facts, and will, we hope, be particularly so to the old parent Conference; she has reason to be proud of her fair young daughter. The Committee on the Conference Minutes will, we think, present a model publication of the kind. The documents have been heretofore too hastily "got out," and have scarcely ever given satisfaction; the committee intend this year to publish in them a pretty full outline of the daily proceedings of the Conference, the leading reports of Committees and abstracts of the anniversary addresses. Such a pamphlet generally circulated among our societies cannot fail of salutary effect.

The spirit of the Conference was excellent; there was scarcely an interruption of good feeling, and if any slight acerbity occurred, it was followed by an immediate restoration of the prevailing cordiality of the brethren. The anti-slavery proceedings of the session were of unusual importance, as they presented an innovation, to say the least, in our denominational mode of action on this subject; a form of petition to Congress against some proposed laws on slavery was unanimously adopted, and will go speedily to the national capital, bearing the signatures of nearly a hundred traveling preachers. We should like to be there when it is presented.

The public interest at Providence in this session was great manifest. Chestnut St. Church is one of the most spacious of our New England churches, yet its galleries were thronged most of the time. The hospitality of the citizens to the preachers was bountiful, and will long be gratefully remembered. I found most comfortable accommodations with my friend Job Andrews, Esq., whose large heart knows no stint in its generous dispositions.

Yours, &c., THE EDITOR.

GOOD DEEDS.

It is really refreshing to have some of the better traits of human nature to record amidst the more revolting developments with which the press abounds. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of mentioning two donations, among others, which have been made to the Needle Woman's Friend Society, during the past year. Both are worthy of imitation; the first by those who can give of their abundance, and the latter by those who can give of their poverty.

Mr. T. B. Wales, one of our wealthiest citizens and of well-known liberality, about new year's time gave the society an order for an hundred and fifty dollars worth of clothing, to be given for distribution to three benevolent societies of the city. The annual report of the society mentions this as "a double mode of charity, which we would urge upon the notice of the philanthropist, simply with the remark of the friend who first gave us such orders, 'that it is more important to take care of those who can earn but a quarter of a dollar, than of those who can command a whole one.'"

The other case is one which many might imitate.

Soon after the last anniversary of the society, a man, apparently a laboring one, called at the salesroom, and stated that he had seen some slight notice of the society in one of the city papers, and wished to make some further inquiries respecting its operations. After listening to the explanations of the intelligent saleswoman, he took a handful of change from his pocket which he wished might be accepted to aid the designs of the society. The gift amounted to one dollar seventy-five cents, and from that time this same individual has regularly contributed a dollar every week for this useful object. No name has ever been given, and at first it was supposed that the unknown could be no other than Mr. Augustus, whose benevolence in every good word and work procured him the credit of this; this impression has since however been ascertained to be incorrect. The name is still undiscovered; he is only known by his fruits, and as "We track the streamlet by the brighter green And follow growth it gives."

AN ANNUAL FACT.—Rev. Dr. Burns, of London, recently declared in a public meeting, that there are in Great Britain at least three millions of professing Christians who expend each not less than one pound sterling per annum in strong drink, equal to \$15,000,000.

Correspondence.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS:—Our Conference session is drawing to a close; we shall have our appointments early to-morrow forenoon I suppose. In reviewing the past I am obliged to confess my haste in a former remark touching our speech-making disposition. Cool reflection assures me this is the best Conference I have attended. Every subject has been fairly met, (and some had a truly formidable appearance)—true, brethren did talk, yet kindly, to the point, canvassing the merits of each case. We have been specially successful in our effort for our

A few years ago we formed a plan, which though new, has worked well. We estimated the wants, and then apportioned the sum to the churches. The result is, we have met those wants and had a small surplus left. We have every expectation of doing at least as well this year. I thought those old brethren looked more cheerful than common—perhaps it was imagination—at least I could feel more cheerful as I regarded them.

THE BIBLICAL INSTITUTE claim for this year was deficient over one hundred and fifty dollars; this was made good by subscription. Dr. Patten, being present acknowledged the act as particularly grateful to himself, as evincing the interest of our Conference in the Institute. He had previously given a statement of its prosperity. With such men as the Doctor at the Institute and a common sense view of our wants among ourselves, it will undoubtedly prosper. I have seen several personal acquaintances who have been at Concord, and they tell me they have been taught to think. They prize the knowledge acquired, but they particularly emphasize their training to habits of thought. The mind must have been dull indeed that would not have anticipated such result after hearing the display of thought given by Dr. Dempster on Sabbath afternoon while preaching on the "church's commission." I will not lengthen this by giving a synopsis, but briefly say the impression made must be of an enduring character. In this connection let me speak of our

SABBATH EXERCISES. Having to preach, I did not hear the Bishop in the morning, but after the usual interesting love-feast, the Bishop gave us a specimen of true Wesleyan preaching, every way worthy of the fathers. In the afternoon, R. Allen preached the ordination sermon at Power St. Church, which has been very highly spoken of, while Bro. Dempster entered the field of broad comprehensive truth at Chestnut St. There also in the evening Bro. Howson preached an impressive sermon. Our usual

MISSIONARY MEETING was held on Monday evening, Bros. McGonagall, Bill and Stevens addressing us. The two first gave us evidence that we have men among us who can make speeches as well as preach, while the last speaker stands in particular relation to this letter to allow the expression of my mind. You must, however, allow me to say if I were writing for any other paper I should be tempted to utter a strong eulogium on the effort. It doubtless will influence many hearts in their future work.

Providence, April 9. The Conference has adjourned; we are dispersing to our fields of labor. May the Lord our God go with us. The closing session has been an interesting one. Bro. E. T. Taylor was present, and was called upon at closing by Bishop Morris to lead our devotions. In his own peculiar and impressive style he did so, while a hallowing union rested upon all hearts. I have reserved for my closing session

THE PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE SEMINARY, because I would have the brethren of this Conference remember our action. The affairs of the seminary were thoroughly investigated, and through the liberal offer of its Trustees (though found involved deeply) and by the solemn pledge of the Conference we have good promise that under the present management it will succeed well. The past year has been one of great prosperity under the circumstances. It lies with us to say that it shall still be so.

Yours, S. FOX.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Funeral of Mr. Callahan.—The colored Methodist Church—M. E. Church, South.—Interview with Statesmen respecting France.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Washington, April 2. BRO. STEVENS:—I have this moment returned from the funeral of the Hon. J. C. Callahan, and I assure you it was a most affecting sight to see the mighty man laid low. He was laid out in his ordinary wearing apparel—black coat, scarf, and placed in an iron brazier case, resembling an Egyptian mummy, made just large enough to receive the body. I noticed among the pall bearers the Hon. H. Clay, Lewis Cass and Daniel Webster, all of the same age as the deceased, and all leaning heavily on the staff, and howling under the weight of years and infirmities. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Butler, Chaplain of the Senate, in a most solemn and impressive manner. I have been forcibly struck with the fact that in the death of Mr. Callahan there appears, so far as I can judge, so little good moral effect. His associates in the Government seem deeply impressed with the great fact that his death will affect the country politically, without realizing that God has spoken to them and warned them to be "also ready"; that he is to be feared above all, that he will rule rulers, judge judges and give laws unto law-makers. Mr. Callahan's holy servant (slave) died the day before his master of the same disease; a fact I have not seen noticed. Poor fellow, how soon will he be forgotten on earth, but brightly he may shine in heaven. I attended church yesterday morning in the Wesley Chapel (colored) in company with my friend Eliza Burritt. The pastor, Rev. Job Guist, was in feeble health; I preached for him to a large audience of colored persons. The church numbers more than six hundred members. After the deeply impressive made their report, by which it appeared that they had met all their claims, and their prospect is good for success. I learned at Washington that some of the members of our church who had left and joined the Church South are returning, and that the pastors in Washington refuse to receive them on their certificates, as they cannot acknowledge the church from which they come as a Christian church. Our interviews with members of Congress, as well as with Mr. Fillmore and Judge McLean on the subject of peace, were very satisfactory. The Vice President expressed much sympathy in the movement—quite a number of members of Congress will go to the National Convention for more vigorous action. We have now sent our petitions all over the country for signatures, praying that Congress may pass a joint resolution to send out a national ship to carry the men of peace across the Atlantic. Our friends at the capital encourage us to hope that the application may be successful. May we not hope from your watchtower you may say a word in favor of this movement.

Yours truly, E. W. J.

LETTER FROM OHIO.

Article on Webster—Strides of Slavery—Duty of the Religious Bodies.

Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio, March 28, 1850.

BRO. STEVENS. Dear Sir:—I have just finished reading your remarks on Mr. Webster's speech, and though it is half past 10 o'clock at night, I cannot take my accustomed rest until I pen down a few thoughts, to be mailed in the morning for your destination. I am not now endeavoring to flatter you for your effort. You need none. You deserve none. You have only done your duty; what you ought to have done, and what every Christian and political editor ought to do over the length and breadth of this land. If slavery is to be extended over these territories now free, with all the horrid consequences that must follow, the Christians of this nation may attribute it to their criminal neglect. It used to be said, "whom the gods designed to destroy, they first make mad." It does seem that some of our politicians imagine that the people of these lands have lost their recollection and common sense, or that themselves are deficient in moral honesty. Were not assured by all that is honorable in the late Presidential canvass, that if the present administration was successful, slavery would not be extended over these territories, and that the present Executive would not veto the Wilmot Proviso? We have not forgotten these things, and in the name of the God of truth, we will hold every man strictly responsible.

But are we as a nation of Christian freemen, to be cheated, and lie down quietly like a spaniel at the feet of his master, or to be traded off as the unfortunate dupes of France? Say, ye sons of 76! If the file leaders of the great political parties of this country wish to hasten the downfall of this Republic, let them proceed with their compromises; let them write upon the face of the constitution, compromise, and that that compromise means less respect and veneration for that instrument in the free States, and increase the haughty domination of the slave dictator, let them proceed as they have done and are still doing. In such attempts, they have divided the instrument against itself, and according to Christ's philosophy it cannot stand. My dear Sir, I have lately thought that it has come to pass as it did to Israel of old, when God would not hear prayer for them. What has the tyranny of slavery done in this nation for a few years, but to walk with the strides of death over the moral and religious sentiment of the people, notwithstanding their prayers and entreaties. Our only hope is in a combination of the moral and religious sentiment of the nation, and that brought to bear upon our law-makers. But it must be a concentrated move of all Christian denominations, and such an one can hardly be hoped for. In England ministers and people can engage in political and moral reform, and make the House of Lords tremble under their demands; but we, the sovereign people and political stock jobbers. In my opinion God will have a reckoning with such unfaithful stewards, guilty of such criminal neglect of their rights and duties. One of the members of Congress in writing to us the other day, remarked, that the representatives of the people should be encouraged by their constituents, and spoke of the "criminal apathy of the free States." Yes, verily, where are the leading scribes and reformers of the present day? A Beecher, Wayland, Olin, Edwards, Bangs, Peck, Everett, Elliott, Simpson, and a host of others that should be out on this moral as well as political subject. You will speak for yourself, Mr. Editor. But I had forgotten the object of writing when I sat down, and that was, to propose to Bro. Rand, through you, that he send to each member of the Senate and House of Representatives, a copy of the 21st volume of Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal, containing your review of that speech. If he has not extra numbers enough, have him print it on a slip and send it forthwith to every man of them. I will be good for \$5.00 of the expense, and that shall be forthcoming if it is attended to immediately.

My brother,

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

God on earth! and God in heaven!
 God who gave one day in seven
 Unto man, that he might rest
 With thy mercy in his breast;
 God of goodness! I am kneeling,
 In my spirit's deep revealing,
 For thy peace of Sabbath days,
 Glad and tranquil thou hast made
 This soft hour of twilight shade,
 And I ask thee in thy night,
 To be "watchman of my night!"

Let me thank thee, let me own,
 At the footstool of thy throne
 All my grateful joy and love,
 Drawn from hopes that point above.
 Let me lay my heart before thee,
 And with holy trust implore thee
 To forgive my human blot,
 Gathered in thy human lot.
 Listen, Father! to my singing,
 Like a child to thee I'm clinging;
 If I wander, guide me right,
 Be thou "watchman of my night!"

Let me ask thee ere I sleep,
 To remember those who weep,
 Those who mourn with some wild sorrow,
 That shall dread to meet the morrow;
 Let me ask thee to abide
 At the fainting sick one's side,
 Where the plaints of anguish rise
 In smothered groans and sighs;
 Give them strength to brook and bear
 Trial pain and trial care;
 Let them hear thy spirit's light,
 Be thou "watchman of my night!"

God of all thou knowest well,
 Myriads of thy children dwell
 Here among us, lone and blind,
 In the midnight of the mind;
 Well thou knowest they need
 Words to teach and hands to lead,
 Well thou knowest how they sin
 For the want of light within.
 They grope and fall, and men refuse
 To raise them up and "bind the bruise";
 But thou, O God! in judgment's might,
 Be thou "watchman of my night!"

God of mercy! God of grace!
 Keep me worthy of thy place;
 Let my harp-strings ne'er be heard
 When they jar with thy plain word:
 Should the world's fair pillow take me,
 Father! do not thou forsake me,
 Let repentance cleanse the stain,
 And call me back to truth again;
 O'er infinite and just!
 Shine upon my path of dust,
 Lead me in the moonlight light,
 Be thou "watchman of my night!"

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Paed. Lib. III. of Clement, of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is then, (one hundred and fifty years after the apostles,) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved disciple" before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit.

Shepherd of tender youth!
 Guiding in love and truth,
 Through devils' ways;
 Christ, our triumphant King!
 We come to thee to sing,
 And here our children bring,
 To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
 The all-subduing word!
 Healer of strife!
 Thou didst thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace,
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's high priest!
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love;
 And in our mortal pain,
 None calls on thee in vain.
 Help thou that dost not disdain,
 Help from above.

Ever be thus our guide!
 Our Shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song!
 Jesus! thou Christ of God!
 By thy perennial word,
 Lead us where thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing!
 Infants and the glad throng,
 Who to the church belong,
 Unite, and swell the song,
 To Christ our King.

SKETCHES.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

Baron Humboldt, who has devoted more than half a century to the Natural Sciences, and whose wonderful work ("Cosmos,") will be an enduring monument to his diversified talents and learning, is now 80 years of age. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from the capital of Prussia, gives the following brief account of him:

Baron Humboldt is the friend and companion of the King of Prussia. It would seem that their intimacy is as close and familiar as that which existed between Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and as it has a better basis to rest upon, there is less probability of its interruption. Those who are conversant with the travels of Humboldt in South America will doubtless picture him, even in old age, as a robust and vigorous octogenarian; indeed he is usually so described by those who visit him. But according to the Commercial's correspondent, he no longer retains a relic of that vigor which enabled him to scale Chimborazo, and endure every species of privation with almost superhuman impunity. His intellect remains unimpaired, but his frame is meagre with age, and his head whitened by the snows of eighty winters, droops upon his breast.

During the interview described in the letter, California was one of the topics of conversation. The Baron expressed the opinion that the value of the gold mines had been over-estimated, for that the yield so far had been much less than that of the Russian mines, which have frequently produced thirty millions of dollars in a year. The lumps of California gold, even the largest of them, are, it appears, much inferior in size to some of the fragments found from time to time in the Ural Mountains. Baron Humboldt stated that one solid lump of eighty pounds, and many of forty, thirty, twenty, and sixteen, had been found in the Russian mining districts. Humboldt has probably slept less than any man living of the same age—his regular allowance never having exceeded four hours out of the twenty-four. It seems, indeed, that the Humboldts have always been a sleepless family. The habits of the great philosopher, who for two thirds of a century has been engaged in the constant pursuit of useful knowledge, and who when he dies will leave no superior behind him, are thus sketched by the Commercial's correspondent.

"His time is systematically divided. He

arises at six in the winter and five in the summer, studies two hours, drinks a cup of coffee, returning to his study, and commences the task of answering his letters, of which he receives yearly more than ten thousand. From twelve until two he receives visits, and returns to work at two. At four he dines, in summer with King, in the winter at home; for four until eleven he passes at the table, and generally in company with the King, at meetings of learned societies or in company with his friends. At eleven he retires to his study, and continues there until one or two, answering letters, or writing his works, or preparing them by study. His best books have all been written at midnight. He sleeps four hours, it having always been a peculiarity in his family to require little sleep.

THE DEATH-BED OF CROMWELL.

The following from Headley's work is marked with the usual brilliancy of this peculiar writer. Cromwell appears no longer as the hypocrite, but as the sincere Covenantor, when called to his last summons:—

"At length the last night drew on that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3rd of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching Heaven to spare the Protector; but the King of kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering its pinions for eternity. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith, on the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, 'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not leave me.' His tongue failed him; but, says an eye-witness, I apprehend it was, 'He will not leave me.' Again and again there escaped from the ever-moving lips the half-articulate words, 'God is good—God is good.' Once with sudden energy, he exclaimed, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.' All night long he murmured thus to himself of God, showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and the trees that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uprooted, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed—the waves smote in ungovernable fury the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are,

As they say,
 Lamenting heard 'air; strange screams of death,
 And prophesying, with accents terrible,
 Of dire commotion, and confused events,
 Now hatched by the woful time.
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"But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white-winged dove, sat; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, 'Tete d'armee,' as his gazing eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a noble departure. The storm and uproar without brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed steadfastly on the 'eternal kingdoms,' and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight forever.

"He died at 3 o'clock that day—on the very day which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious, and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into the serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of man never disturbs."

WASHINGTON.

Washington had no ambition; his country wanted him to serve her, and he accepted greatness from a sense of duty rather than from taste; sometimes even with a painful effort. The trials of his public life were bitter to a man who preferred the independence of a private condition and tranquility of mind to the exercise of power. But he undertook, without hesitation, the task which his country imposed on him, and in fulfilling it, he made no concessions that could lighten its burden either to his country or to himself. He was born to govern, though he had no delight in governing; and, with a firmness as unshaken as it was simple, and a sacrifice of popularity the more meritorious as it was not compensated by the pleasures of domination, he told the American people what he believed to be true, and persisted in doing what he thought to be wise. Though the servant of an infant Republic, in which the democratic spirit prevailed, he won the confidence of the people by maintaining their interests in opposition to their inclinations. The policy which he pursued while laying the foundations of a new government, was so moderate yet so rigorous, so prudent, yet so independent, that it seemed to belong to the hands of an aristocratic Senate ruling over an ancient State. The success with which it was crowned does equal honor to Washington and to his country.—Gaius.

THE LATE LORD JEFFREY.

Three or four weeks since, we recorded the intelligence of the death of Lord Jeffrey. The Puritan Recorder gives the following incidents of his life:—

"He died on the evening of Jan. 26th, in the 77th year of his age. He was born at Edinburgh, in the year 1772, was educated in early life at the High School in his native city, whence he passed to Glasgow University, and subsequently to Queen's College, Oxford. After his education was completed, he established himself in the profession of law, at Edinburgh. For many years, however, he was far more widely known, and exerted a much more commanding influence in the department of literature than of law. He was one of the four young men who conceived the bold project of establishing the Edinburgh Review. The first suggestion seems to have come from Sydney Smith. It was a fortunate thought, struck out in a moment of excitement, whose influence was destined to be long felt. Sydney Smith, Lord Brougham, Lord Murray, and Lord Jeffrey, happened to be together at Jeffrey's rooms, when this idea was broached, and they all entered heartily into it. But though the first suggestion came from Smith, yet in the prosecution of the work, Jeffrey soon came to hold the responsible place as editor. From the year 1802, when this Review

was started, till the year 1828, it was under his superintendence.

Jeffrey soon became widely known as an able and discriminating critic. Youthful aspirants to literary fame stood in awe of him. There was an undue severity in his tone, and the judgment of the world has not in all cases ratified his decisions. Some writers he condemned, and the act of condemnation was the act of execution. Others he could not so easily kill. His criticism on Marston, in the year 1808, occasioned great excitement among the literary circles of the day, and effectually alienated Scott from the Edinburgh Review, and led to the establishment of the London Quarterly, in the year 1809. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, received no favor at Jeffrey's hands, though they have all proved themselves, in the estimation of the world, men of consummate genius and ability. Still, with all his defects and errors of judgment, Jeffrey was a great critic. He has not been surpassed in this department by any of his contemporaries.

When he left the editorship of the Review, in the year 1828, he devoted himself more vigorously to the duties of the legal profession. He was for four years member of the House of Commons, and subsequently was called to fill the office of judge on the Scottish bench."

CHILDREN.

For the Herald and Journal.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

THAT HAND—THAT WAVING HAND.

I was called upon to repair to the house of the afflicted. They did not expect their little daughter to be here. I went immediately and found them in deep affliction. The mother sat beside the bed watching with intense anxiety, the departing breath of her little child, as she had done three several times before. At the foot of the bed stood the father, his whole frame convulsed with anguish; he had seen the deeds of death before; now a lovely wife, and then three lovely children; and now again his cold hand reached to close the eyes of the fourth.

We bowed ourselves in the presence of God, but our grief and tears choked our utterance, and we could only say, our Father, help us now, and help us to say, thy will be done. And now my whole attention became absorbed in the child; and especially in that hand—that waving hand! The right side and arm of the little sufferer had become paralyzed; by the left hand stretched heavenward, in its waving, beckoning, *recognizing* motions, was discoursing eloquent preaching, such as I had never seen or heard before. There was the "ladder and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it," and these were the "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," and there, most of all, was that special guardian * who had watched with ceaseless vigilance, this object of his heavenly trust. And that art not disappointed, heavenly watcher! for thou hast taken to the paradise above, this object of thy love.

The subject of these lines was a child of uncommon interest; she had scarcely seen three years, yet was deeply interested in her little books, always taking them to bed with her and composing herself to sleep in repeating their little stories and hymns; one of which was her special favorite,—"The three little graves." She perfectly recollected her little sister who had died but a few months before, and in whose welfare since her death she had taken a deep interest. As she was standing at the window one day looking at the driving storm, she turned to her mother anxiously and asked,—mother won't little sister be cold in this storm, can't I carry her little cloak? And as she saw her mother affected to tears, she said, don't cry mother, I will be your little baby now sister is dead; I shan't die mother, don't cry. Thus died, in her 3d year, Mary Thomas Turner, one of the sweetest of children.

J. HAWKS, JR.

* Matthew 18: 10

THE DEAD CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

As soon as a good child dies, one of God's angels descends upon the earth, takes the dead child upon his arms, spreads out his large white wings, and flies over all the places that were dear to the child, and plucks a handful of flowers, which he then carries to heaven, in order that they may bloom still more beautifully there than they did here on earth. The loving God preseth all these flowers to his bosom; and the flower that he loveth best he kisseth; and then it receives a voice, and can sing and join in the universal bliss.

An angel of God related this as he bore a dead child to heaven; and the child heard as in a dream; and they flew over all the spots around the house where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens with the loveliest flowers.

Which one shall we take with us and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.
 And a beautiful slender rose-tree was standing there; but a branch had broken the stem, so that all the branches full of large half-open rose-buds hung down quite withered.
 "The poor rose-tree," said the child; "take it, so that it may bloom again on high with the loving God."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child; and the little one half-opened his eyes. They gathered some of the superb flowers; but they took the despoiled daisy and the wild pansy too.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel nodded; but they did not yet fly up to heaven.
 It was night; it was quite still. They stayed in the great city, they flew from one of the narrowest streets, where great clouds of straw, of ashes and rubbish lay about; there had been a removal. There lay broken pots, herds and plates, plaster figures, rags, the crowns of old hats; nothing but things that were displeasing to the sight.
 And amid the devastation, the angel pointed to the fragment of a flower-pot, and to a clod of earth that had fallen out of it, and which was only held together by the roots of a great withered flower; but it was good for nothing now, and was therefore thrown out into the street.

"We will take that one with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you about it while we are flying."
 And now they flew on; and the angel related:—
 "Down yonder, in the narrow street, in the low cellar, lived once a poor sickly boy. He had been bedridden from his very infancy. When he was very well indeed, he could just go a few times up and down the little room on his crutches; that was all.
 "One day in spring his neighbor's son brought him some wild flowers, and among them was by chance one with a root; it was therefore planted in a flower-pot and placed in the window close by his bedside. It thrived, put forth new shoots, and every year had flowers. To the sick boy it was the most beautiful garden—his little treasure upon earth; he watered and tended it, and took care that it got every sunbeam, to the very last that glided by on the lower pane. And the

flower grew up in his very dreams, with its colors and fragrance; to it he turned in dying, when the loving God called him to himself. He has now been a year with God—a year has the flower stood in the window withered and forgotten, and now, at the removal, it has been thrown among the rubbish into the street. And that is the flower, the same poor faded flower, which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has caused more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child which the angel was carrying up to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel; "I was myself the little sick boy that went on crutches; I must surely know my own flower again."

And the child opened his eyes and looked in the beautiful calm face of the angel; and at the same moment they were in heaven, where was only joy and blessedness.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 82 letters.
 My 21, 49, 57, 65, 37, was one of the prophets.
 My 48, 64, 10, 68, 29, 22, 52, is a king spoken of in Genesis.

My 16, 22, 35, 71, was a good man.
 My 80, 59, 13, 37, 10, 78, 77, 44, 5, every one should love.
 My 48, 39, 47, 54, was one of the apostles.

My 37, 15, 43, 40, 43, 60, 43, 85, was a sea in Galilee.
 My 9, 65, 37, 70, 47, 37, brought Paul before King Agrippa.

My 48, 21, 11, 77, 48, 52, 15, 5, was an officer of Pharaoh's.
 My 37, 6, 53, 48, 1, 26, 45, was a stone to David.

My 61, 7, 14, 4, 3, 77, 61, 66, 42, 37, is found in the Old Testament.

My 41, 10, 5, 82, 83, 67, 54, 49, 21, 25, 58, was one of the apostles.

My 28, 29, 26, 8, is a female spoken of many times in the New Testament.

My 10, 46, 14, 60, 48, 48, 55, was a king.

My 41, 79, 51, 12, 15, 45, 20, was a town in Judea.

My 15, 66, 35, 63, 77, 55, 56, 37, is found in the New Testament.

My 32, 42, 14, 44, 17, is a king spoken of in Matthew.

My 38, 10, 5, 30, 19, 35, was careful and troubled about many things.

My 51, 60, 21, 74, 31, 81, 36, is one of the books in the New Testament.

My 57, 13, 78, 60, 69, was a king.

My 21, 15, 26, 72, 38, 55, 76, 34, 10, 54, 25, 50, 53, was early at the tomb of Christ.

My 5, 47, 23, 28, is one of the books in the Old Testament.

My 41, 13, 20, 29, 27, 29, 60, 75, 33, was a city in Galilee.

My 25, 48, 39, 48, 27, is a city spoken of in many places in the Bible.

My 31, 40, 14, 85 is a town in Galilee.

My whole is what every one should do.
 Acworth, N. H., April, 1850. M. B. M.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 7, 26, is a plant.

My 2, 31, 16, is a personal pronoun.

My 3, 26, 16, 1, is one of the cardinal points.

My 4, 14, 20, 29, is a musical instrument.

My 5, 29, 31, 21, 12, is a constellation.

My 6, 31, 22, 4, 7, 17, is a flower.

My 7, 13, 27, is a kind of fish.

My 8, 28, 31, 6, 13, is a kind of tree.

My 9, 26, 12, is used by ladies.

My 10, 26, 20, 1, 18, 26, is a lady's name.

My 11, 20, 13, is dug from the earth.

My 12, 26, 16, is a word of negation.

My 13, 27, 31, is a boy's name.

My 14, 19, 46, is a word of affirmation.

My 15, 12, 12, is a place of entertainment.

My 16, 1, 26, 20, is a luminous body.

My 17, 15, 12, is a metal.

My 18, 7, 20, 5, 12, is a large bird.

My 19, 4, 28, 13, 12, is a girl's name.

My 20, 14, 7, is a kind of grain.

My 21, 15, 4, is an ornamental substance.

My 22, 18, is an interjection.

My 23, 15, 10, is a nickname.

My 24, 26, 1, is a kind of grain.

My 25, 26, 32, 4, is a season of the year.

My 26, 16, 18, is a kind of tree.

My 27, 21, is an interjection.

My 28, 15, 24, 12, is an animal.

My 29, 26, 20, is a part of the head.

My 30, 15, 11, 4, 3f, 12, is a stringed instrument of music.

My 31, 12, is a preposition.

My 32, 15, 13, is an untruth.

My whole is a common saying.
 Acworth, N. H., April, 1850. M. B. M.

For the Herald and Journal.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Clarence Baxter, of Charleston, sends the following answer to the Enigma in our last issue:—"The M." viz: "If I think enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Also, that from "South Dehnam, Me.," signed H. M. F., viz: "Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil."
 "T.," of Little Compton, sends the answer to the Enigma in the Herald of March 27th, viz: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

BIOGRAPHICAL.

BRO. WILLIAM WILKINSON died in South Berwick, Me., Feb. 5, aged 87 years. He had been a professor of religion for quite a number of years, and gave satisfactory evidence of being a true child of God. For a few months before his decease he seemed to enjoy special manifestations of the Divine presence, and looked on death, which he knew was near, with perfect composure; and finally fell asleep in Jesus, with a blessed hope of eternal life beyond the grave.

JOHN MOORE.

South Berwick, Me., April 4.

MR. WILLIAM C. BROOKS died in Norway, Me., March 12, aged 73 years. Bro. Brooks had long been a member of the M. E. Church and a devoted follower of his Redeemer. From the nature of his last sickness there was little opportunity for religious conversation, but he spoke of firm and unshaken confidence in God and hope in Jesus Christ. For several months before his death, he had been more than usually engaged in religion, and the Lord had evidently been preparing him for a change of worlds. He left an aged wife and ten children to mourn his loss. May the Lord comfort them.

J. COLBY.

South Paris, Me., April 6.

Mrs. ANN GLEASON, wife of Joseph Gleason, and Thaddeus and Lavina Hill, died in Union, Me., Feb. 17, aged 42 years. She was awakened and converted in her youthful days, and immediately connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she continued a worthy and exemplary member until the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Her last illness was short, and of such a character as to forbid free conversation, yet she manifested that patience and resignation to the last which characterized her Christian course. By the death of sister Gleason, the church in Union is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and her husband of one of its most devoted and excellent wife.

BENJ. BAYANT.

ELIZA ANN STOWERS died in Searsport, Me., March 27, aged 6 years and 4 months. She was a lovely girl—affectionate and kind in her

disposition, and took much pleasure in performing acts of kindness to her associates and friends. She was a member of the Sabbath School, and took a deep interest in its exercises. When asked by her mother if she wished to go to heaven, she said, "Yes; and I want mother and little brother to go too." By her death her widowed mother is bereaved of an only daughter, and a little brother has become an only child.

A. F. BARNARD.

Searsport, Me., March 5.

For the Herald and Journal.

SOMETHING FOR S. SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR:—The success of the Sabbath School cause depends, to a very great extent, upon having faithful teachers, who feel the importance of their work. I was reminded of the other day by the following conversation between a little boy and his father.

"Pa," said the little boy, "is my Sabbath School teacher a Christian?"

"Yes," said his father.

"Why, then, don't she talk to us?" said the little boy; I should think she would talk to us, in the Sabbath School, if she is a Christian. Mr. B. used to when he was our teacher; but our teacher now only hears our lessons, and then sits down and says no more to us."

He said this with evident dissatisfaction, which shows that children wish and expect their teachers to talk to them about religion and religious things. What an opportunity has the Sabbath School teacher to exert an influence over the youthful minds under his instruction, and to prepare those minds to exert a saving